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Songs and Sonnets  
By Geo. Dobell



LONDON: LLOYD MATHEWS, VICO STREET, W.

# The Vigo Cabinet Series

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57.

Miss Dobell's little sheaf of songs and sonnets, though unmarked by any profound individuality of style or thought, have both delicacy and freshness. In proof of this let us quote two stanzas from "Cotswolds in Early Spring":—

*June 1934* "High in the wind-swept wastes of blue  
The clouds their revel hold;  
The sunshine in light sport is blown  
In flakes about the wold,  
Or caught in hollows where the gorse  
Spreads fragrant nets of gold.  
The lark, God's chorister, beats up  
On throbbing wings, to teach  
The listening angels Earth's joy-song  
That scarce so far might reach,  
Then quivers down to bring to Earth  
Echoes of angels' speech."

Miss Dobell's mastery of the sonnet form is not always such as to suggest perfect freedom of movement within the fetters of rhyme and rule. But one gladly owns the tenderness and reverence of the lines "To Beatrice":—

"Beatrice, I think an angel must have given  
That name of names for music unto thee,  
Foreseeing the baby-girl would grow to be  
A sister-soul to that sweet saint in Heaven,  
Dante's loved Beatrice, at whose smile were riven  
The bars of Hell, by whose pearl-purity  
All dark and evil thoughts were made to flee,  
And Sin, in shame, from her clear whiteness driven.  
And very like that gentle lady fair  
Seems thy young gracious presence; and those eyes,  
Like hers, seem altar lamps that glow for prayer  
At vesper-chiming, when the daylight dies.  
With such a guide a mortal well might dare  
To leave Earth's dust and climb to Paradise."



### NOTE

"THE Exile's Song" and "Sunset, Stars, and Sea" have appeared already in *Chambers' Journal*; and "The Cowslip Song" in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. My sincere thanks are due to the Editors for their courteous permission to republish.

# SONGS AND SONNETS

BY  
EVA DOBELL

LONDON  
ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET  
1904

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*Jan 12, 1931*

TO THE MEMORY OF  
MY BROTHER  
WALTER

*Joy that exulted to live,  
Laughter, and Honour, and Truth,  
Pure mind, and warm heart, and strong hand,—  
That was his youth.*

*Self forgotten and trod underfoot,  
Flesh vanquished in glorious strife,  
Courage that thanked God for all,—  
That was his life.*

*Love that burned ever more bright,  
Dimm'd not by Pain's scorching breath;  
God smoothed the pain into quiet,—  
That was his death.*

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## Thanksgiving for the Old Year

ERE the dead East is streaked with light,  
Ere the new day is born to sight,  
For the old year that dies to-night,  
We thank Thee, God of mercies.

For the first sweet awakening,  
For soft wet winds that seemed to bring  
A promise of the far-off Spring,  
We thank Thee, God of mercies.

For the first rain-washed April gleam,  
The first pale primrose by the stream  
Like a gem-blossom in a dream,  
We thank Thee, God of mercies.

## THANKSGIVING

For a new world fresh-bathed in dew,  
A laughing world with light shot through  
From basking depths of sun-steeped blue,  
We thank Thee, God of mercies.

For summer twilights, mellow gold,  
When fragrant night-flowers soft unfold,  
And silence steals across the wold,  
We thank Thee, God of mercies.

For soft September mists that rise  
Like incense, where the valley lies  
Rolled out beneath the high-domed skies,  
We thank Thee, God of mercies.

For nights thick-sown with silent stars  
That wheel their stately shining cars  
Far as the moon-cloud's pearly bars,  
We thank Thee, God of mercies.

## THANKSGIVING

For pleasant whiles beside the fire  
With some old book that cannot tire,  
While all without was murk and mire,  
We thank Thee, God of mercies.

For loving voices we have known ;  
For loving eyes the dearer grown  
Since looking kindly in our own,  
We thank Thee, God of mercies.

For golden hours when, hand in hand  
And heart to heart, we seemed to stand  
At entrance of the Promised Land,  
We thank Thee, God of mercies.

For Sabbath mornings when we knelt  
To drink Thy sacred cup, and felt  
The veil of flesh dissolve and melt,  
We thank Thee, God of mercies.



## THANKSGIVING

For bitter grief that none might see;  
For burning tears of agony;  
Because they drew us nearer Thee,  
We thank Thee, God of mercies.

For all this fading year has brought,  
For purer joy by sorrow bought,  
For wider scope of deed or thought,  
We thank Thee, God of mercies.

Yet chiefly for the hope held fast  
That we may find again at last  
Things loved and buried in the past,  
We thank Thee, God of mercies.

## Nocturne

LAST night I watched the silent stars  
Their solemn journey pace,  
And felt the kiss of grieving airs  
That wander lost in space ;

I saw the trees rise dim and strange,  
All hushed as though to hear  
The whispered secret that the night  
Breathed softly in Earth's ear ;

And as a mother cradles close  
Her tired child on her breast,  
I felt God's Infinite enfold  
Creation in its rest.

## Song

SUNSET and stars and sea,  
All speak of thee.  
Thy name's dear music seems  
Heard in all rushing streams,  
And in all songs the sobbing night-wind sings.  
The memory of thy face  
Seems linked with ev'ry place,  
And with all lovely and mysterious things.

All life is filled for me  
With thoughts of thee,  
All glory of the sky,  
All holy melody,  
All noble deeds that lift the soul from sin.  
Alas, within thy heart  
No thought of me has part;  
And in thy dreams I cannot enter in.

## Song

SHE gave to him a budding rose  
That in her garden grew,  
Shyly unfolding to the sun  
And sweet with morning dew.

But he could gather richer flowers,  
And tossed it by in scorn.  
She took her stainless rose again,  
Trampled and soiled and torn.

She passed Our Lady's wayside shrine  
That calls to rest and prayer,  
And, kneeling on the worn stone step,  
She laid her crushed rose there.

And there it lay, it's dying breath  
Call'd forth by dews of even.—  
The gift that mortals cast aside  
Is not despised by Heaven.

## Sir Galahad

THERE dwelt a peasant maid of lowly birth,  
A drudge whose sordid life seemed little worth  
The living, sordid care and sordid mirth,  
Naught knew she of Sir Galahad.

She had no wish for any higher way,  
No thought beyond the toil of ev'ry day,  
She never knelt with humble heart to pray,  
She dreamt not of Sir Galahad.

Her mistress called her to the window high,  
"Come, come and see the knight who rideth by  
And holds himself so gay and gallantly,  
The maiden-knight, Sir Galahad."

She looked and saw him ; clad in armour bright  
Upon his pacing war-horse snowy white,

## SIR GALAHAD

With sword and spear to battle for the right,  
He passèd by, Sir Galahad.

She saw his pure strong face, so young and fair,  
The steadfast eyes that glowed with inward  
prayer ;  
The sunlight made an aureole of his hair ;  
Then he was gone, Sir Galahad.

Back to her toil turned the poor serving-maid,  
Yet pausing in the loneliness and shade,  
For the first time she bowed her head and prayed  
“God shield thee well, Sir Galahad.”

The days passed on in sunshine or in rain,  
Springs glowed, and faded, and were born again ;  
Still as she toiled she watched, and watched in  
vain,  
He came no more, Sir Galahad.

## SIR GALAHAD

Yet earth seemed richer, sweeter far the Spring,  
The winds seemed angel voices whispering,  
And life a purer and a nobler thing,  
Since he had passed, Sir Galahad.

In her dark soul there shone a brighter ray,  
And still she strove to turn from sin away,  
And striving unto tears would softly say—  
“He knows no sin, Sir Galahad.”

“And since great love may haply purify  
A sin-stained heart, who knows but even I,  
Poor earth-worm, when at last I come to die,  
May see again Sir Galahad?”

“Who knows but God in His most tender grace,  
In some unseen, far-off and lowly place,  
Will let me kneel and gaze upon his face  
For evermore,—Sir Galahad?”

## Exile's Song

Now the sunset lies a-dying and the purple  
fades to gray,  
And the arms of night steal softly round the  
weary restless day ;  
All the rich and mighty city in her fairest robe  
is drest ;  
But I would that I were roaming o'er the  
Uplands of the West.

There's a stretch of barren hillside where the  
white road leads along,  
And the larks are quivering downward in a  
throbbing joy of song ;  
Where, below, the far-off valley lies asleep in  
misty rest,  
While the sunset glory lingers on the Uplands  
of the West.



## EXILE'S SONG

Where the wolds roll wide and lonely, and the  
    lapwings call and sweep ;  
And the dry bents rustle gently to the hare-bells  
    dropt asleep ;  
And the silence broods in coolness on the hill's  
    thyme-fragrant breast ;  
And the night-breeze wakes and ruffles o'er the  
    Uplands of the West.

This great world may hold scenes fairer and  
    more dazzling bright than this,  
In far lands of snow-crowned splendour, or in  
    golden isles of bliss :  
All the wide earth laughs in beauty ; but my  
    heart loves still the best,  
Just the way the dusk flows softly o'er the  
    Uplands of the West.

# Home Thoughts

## COTSWOLDS IN EARLY SPRING

A BLEAK gray city of the north,  
Where winter, lingering,  
Seems loth to part, but broodeth yet  
O'er all on murky wing,  
And scarce a crocus spears the dust  
To call the tardy Spring.

Yet even here a pallid gleam  
Of sunshine comes to cheer  
The cold thin day; and here I have  
What most my heart holds dear,  
Flowers from my southern English home  
That seems so far from here.

## HOME THOUGHTS

Primroses from the woods of home,  
The woods I know so well.  
Poor fading flowers what tales of home  
Their drooping blossoms tell;  
Their faint pure fragrance steals across  
My senses like a spell ;—

And straight the drear town's chilly gloom  
Fades from my longing eyes,  
The sweet familiar hills of home  
In dear loved beauty rise,  
Rippled by softer frolic winds  
And arched by softer skies.

And o'er those bonnie Cotswold hills  
The west wind laughs to-day,  
And blows the shadows of the clouds  
About the uplands gray,

## HOME THOUGHTS

They dance across the rolling fields  
Like living things at play.

High in the wind-swept wastes of blue  
The clouds their revel hold;  
The sunshine in light sport is blown  
In flakes about the wold,  
Or caught in hollows where the gorse  
Spreads fragrant nets of gold.

The lark, God's chorister, beats up  
On throbbing wings, to teach  
The listening angels Earth's joy-song  
That scarce so far might reach,  
Then quivers down to bring to Earth  
Echoes of angels' speech.

The riot of Spring is in the air,  
The rapture of new birth,

## HOME THOUGHTS

The wild strange joy that seems beyond  
All grosser joys of Earth,—  
Yet holds a thrill of yearning pain  
More piercing sweet than mirth.

And where the wooded hollow dips  
Beyond the fresh-ploughed land,  
The first wan primroses of March  
Steal forth, a timid band;  
And those frail buds dreamed starry there,  
Now fading in my hand.

O Primrose from the South! moon-pale,  
Yet fairer far to me  
Than all the wealth of laughing May  
Or rose-crowned June can be,  
Would I were on the hills I love,  
To greet the Spring with thee!

## Villanelle

FRIEND of girlhood kind and true  
May your life be passing sweet,  
God be very good to you.  
May your skies be always blue,  
Daisied paths beneath your feet,  
Friend of girlhood kind and true.  
All of roses, naught of rue;  
Never tares among your wheat;  
God be very good to you.  
Loving eyes your eyes to woo,  
Loving looks your looks to greet,  
Friend of girlhood kind and true.  
May the world seem ever new,

### VILLANELLE

Life all-perfect and complete,  
God be very good to you.  
Love unfailing as the dew  
Keep your heart fresh through the heat;  
Friend of girlhood kind and true,  
God be very good to you.

## Sonnets

### I

God's love is ever with us, wheresoe'er  
We wander ; as the heavens enfold the earth,  
Encircling, all-embracing, from life's birth  
God is about us always, everywhere,  
Closer than thought, invisible as air,  
His love is changeless though we slight its worth.  
(Though all walked blindfold, heaven would still  
be there.)

Then when the summons comes to us " Arise  
And leave thy house of clay "—why shrink in  
fear?

The swallow feels a silent call, and flies  
O'er pathless seas from all his heart held dear,  
And finds above him still the summer skies.—  
God's love must still surround us, there as here.



## SONNETS

### II

When I must leave this dwelling house of clay,  
And lifting death's dark curtain, all alone  
Must venture forth into the great unknown,  
Shall I find all things lit by clearer day?  
Or will thick mists still hide the future way?  
And shall I, in an hour to wisdom grown,  
See the bright angels round the great white  
    throne?  
Or through long ages learn and toil and pray?  
Or shall I sleep awhile where daisies grow,  
And waking still remember "I am I"?  
Shall I be born again in Earth below?  
Or in some shining planet of the sky?  
I know not. All is dark. But this I know,  
That Life which is immortal cannot die.

## SONNETS

### III

All Love is one, and cometh from on high,  
From God who calls Himself Love's self indeed;  
And loving His least creatures, mouse or weed,  
We seem to feel their Maker passing nigh.  
And since all nature moves in harmony  
To Love's grand song, taught by Love's world-  
wide creed,

In tune with nature, we may dimly read  
The secret hidden in the earth and sky.  
Love's sympathy throughout all worlds doth run,  
Linking all life, and nesteth like a dove  
In two twin souls God makes for ever one.  
But God, Love's Well-spring, must be still above  
Its purest streams; and in the setting sun  
We catch the revelation of His love.

## SONNETS

### IV

Lord, take my heart and knit it unto Thee,  
And bid its foolish wayward throbbing cease;  
For in Thy love alone is perfect peace  
And satisfaction—yea, even for me.  
Help me to seek Thy mercy full and free,  
And from Earth's fretting passion find release.  
Thoughts all of Thee must be indeed "Heart's-  
    ease,"

Not the thorned roses earthly dreamings be.  
If upon Thee, Unchanging, we could spend  
The love we give to changing mortals here;  
And seek that calm deep bliss that hath no end,  
Not the vain joy that dieth in a tear,  
All would seem good that Thou should'st choose  
    to send,  
And Grief Thy messenger both loved and dear.

## To Beatrice

BEATRICE, I think an angel must have given  
That name of names for music unto thee,  
Foreseeing the baby-girl would grow to be  
A sister-soul to that sweet saint in Heaven,  
Dante's loved Beatrice, at whose smile were riven  
The bars of Hell, by whose pearl-purity  
All dark and evil thoughts were made to flee,  
And Sin, in shame, from her clear whiteness driven.  
And very like that gentle lady fair  
Seems thy young gracious presence; and those  
    eyes,  
Like hers, seem altar lamps that glow for prayer  
At vesper-chiming, when the daylight dies.  
With such a guide a mortal well might dare  
To leave Earth's dust and climb to Paradise.

## Cotswolds in Winter

THE sun-steeped skies of golden Italy  
Arch o'er your heads in basking depths of blue,  
The mellow earth laughs warm and rich for you,  
The barren wolds roll desolate for me,  
Like grassy waves in some wide sunless sea,  
With here a hollow hidden from the view,  
Hung with gray woods the chill wind whistles  
    through,  
Mist-wrapt in silence and in mystery.  
Yet, sweeter than spice-islands sun-caressed,  
Fairer than snow-peaks kissed by red-lipp'd morn,  
Dearer to me than to the weary rest,  
Or firelight gleam to wanderer forlorn,  
Are our bare rolling uplands of the West,  
That cradle the loved home where I was born.

## Song

THERE built a swallow underneath my window,  
A breeze-blown swallow in the windy Spring,  
To dart, a glancing joy, thro' sun and shadow,  
And twittering sing.

Dead, one May-eve, I found my happy swallow,  
With broken wing.

There grew a starry primrose in my garden,  
A wistful primrose neath the alders gray,  
Breathing its dreamy fragrance up to Heaven  
(For so flowers pray.)

Withered one morn I found my stainless primrose  
Faded away.

## SONG

The Spring comes back, the Spring comes back  
in glory,

And brings the careless swallows in her train,

And scatters primroses beneath the alders

All bright with rain.

But one sweet primrose, and one dancing swallow

Come not again.

## The Naiad

BESIDE a woodland fountain  
A Naiad sat alone,  
As merry as the water  
That bubbled from the stone;  
And to its tinkling music  
She sang her joyous song—  
“My Love, he loveth none but me,  
“O Love, I watch and wait for thee,  
“My Love is coming back to me,  
“He will not tarry long.”

The streamlet danced rejoicing  
Through meadows flowery sweet,  
And filled the old stone basin  
Beside the village street;



### THE NAIAD

And there, with song and laughter,  
At chime of ev'ning bell,  
The village maids came bearing  
Their pitchers to the well.

But mortals prove unfaithful,  
And fairer maidens are  
Than Naiads, fair Earth's cities,  
And woodland founts are far.  
Then to her tears down-falling  
The Naiad sang her song—  
“Alas, my Love, he loves not me,  
“O Love, I wait in vain for thee,  
“My Love will not come back to me,  
“He tarries long so long.”

Her salt and bitter tear-drops  
Filled all the bubbling pool;

## THE NAIAD

And brackish ran the water  
That flowed so pure and cool.  
No more with song and laughter,  
At chime of evening bell,  
The village maids come bearing  
Their pitchers to the well.

## Lines Suggested by a Sermon

"There is nothing new under the sun."

"Behold I make all things new."

"THERE is naught new, naught new beneath  
the sun,

But all is vanity and emptiness.

Vexation of the spirit." Drearily

The sad words echo through the centuries,

And wake response in many a weary heart,

Weary of life, of death, and the beyond,

Sick of the self it cannot leave behind.

O, mighty sage and master! was *this* all

Thy wisdom, tow'ring till it swept the stars,

Could bring us back from distant realms of  
thought

That wisdom's self is but a weariness,

LINES SUGGESTED BY A SERMON

And Life is but a foolish toiling thing  
That like a squirrel in a turning wheel  
Spins on and on within its prison bars,  
And finds "naught new, naught new beneath  
the sun"?

O, princely Singer! whose rich words yet thrill  
With music even in an alien tongue,  
And bring the lilied fragrance of lost Springs  
To barren hearts that know no other song.  
Poet, whose life has known the piercing bliss  
And rapture of creation (that sharp joy  
Beyond all other joy, that seems akin  
To God's own gladness when He made the world  
And watched His thoughts take visible shape  
and form

And beauty grow from Chaos), can it be  
This palpitating sweetness grew at length  
Tasteless and cloying? and this young desire

LINES SUGGESTED BY A SERMON

Turned away satiate, with wings a-droop  
And lightless eyes that asked "What profits it ?  
"Of making of much books there is no end,  
"What profits it, O Soul, to toil and make ?"  
O Lover ! from whose glowing heart welled forth  
Earth's sweetest love-song, that for ever holds  
Thy youth's pure passion in a crystal drop  
Frozen upon the flying skirts of Time,  
Too bright and perfect to be brushed away,  
A love so dew-fresh and so sunny-warm  
That girls who read their "chapter" in the dusk  
Look upward with a little happy smile,  
Up to the first star's glamour and the moon  
(God's silver seal set on His day that's done),  
Glad that God's book should tell of things so  
dear,  
Proving the tender Father scarce can frown  
On those pure dreams that come at twilight time ;

LINES SUGGESTED BY A SERMON

Could that bright love that flashes so, and gleams  
Like living water in its polished cup  
Of fine-wrought poesy, die away and fail  
Within the heart that was its fountain-head ?  
And sitting lonely midst a thousand Queens,  
Watching, cold-eyed, their beauties bloom and  
fade,

Hearing, dull-eared, the turtle's throbbing croon  
That breaks the old Earth into flowers again,  
But starts no more Joy's flaming crocus forth  
In hearts long frost-bound ; didst thou learn at  
last

That Beauty also is but vanity,  
And Love that's born of Beauty, and as vain,  
Like some poor butterfly beats wings and dies  
As die the roses that he fed upon ?  
King ! Potentate of men ! of whose rich store  
The half has not been told us ; at whose word

LINES SUGGESTED BY A SERMON

The toiling navies came from nameless seas  
And lands beyond the sunrise, bringing in  
Apes, and great winking gems whose sullen fire  
Decked the dark beauty of some Indian Queen,  
And peacocks with their myriad jewelled eyes  
And spreading pomp, painted by God's own hand  
To put to shame the purpled state of kings :  
With the world's treasures, wonders new and  
strange

Poured at thy feet ; the fair Earth beck'ning still  
To eager souls to lift her shrouding veil  
Of mystery, lay her half-guessed beauty bare ;  
So much unknown of all that God has made ;  
So much untouched in Nature's treasure-house,  
Couldst thou still sigh " The sun sees nothing  
new,

And I am weary of all he looks upon " ?  
Weary of fame, and that rich wine of Power

LINES SUGGESTED BY A SERMON

That turns the heads of men, but left thee cold?  
O dreary gospel of the nothingness  
Of human striving! Must all things burn out  
To the dead ashes, leaving us a-cold  
Over grey dust we thought the fire of life?  
Must man's soul like a gust-blown lamp flame up  
Out of the darkness, gutter feebly down,  
And die again into the empty dark?  
Is there no hope beneath the aching stars?

"Turn and behold how I make all things new."  
As at the close of some low-hanging day  
The brooding greyness breaks across the West,  
And from the limitless depths of swelling gold  
The luscious glory over-wells and floods  
Across the world, a silent tide of light,  
Washing against the pine-stems and the tower  
Of the old church, and flowing on to flake



### LINES SUGGESTED BY A SERMON

The East's chill deadness with a foam of fire ;  
Or as at blazing noon, when life hangs dumb,  
And like a pall the still heat presses down  
Upon the fainting Earth in breathless swoon,  
There runs a sudden shiver through the leaves,  
A quivering thrill through all the waiting trees,  
And the free breath of Space sighs softly by  
Like a cool touch upon a fevered brow ;  
So Christ's words break through our grey hope-  
lessness,  
And steal refreshing to the world-parched soul.  
The Spirit that moved upon the formless deep  
And ordered it to beauty, moves again  
Through life and all created things, and breathes  
A soul into the beauty that He made,  
The breath of God Himself, eternal life,  
The blessed promise of immortality.  
For since the Fount of Life Himself came down

LINES SUGGESTED BY A SERMON

To take the form of clay His hands had made,  
And taste the death that broke that shell of dust  
And left Him manifest, Life's Very-Self ;  
We, holding part with Him in that same flesh,  
Have part too in the Spirit and the Life,  
A Soul, Time cannot dim, nor Death crush out.  
And, since we are not earthly dust alone,  
All things we touch take soul to meet our soul.  
The beauty that the Earth holds up in prayer  
We see not only with the eyes of flesh,  
So soon to close for ever to the light,  
But with the Soul's eyes also, with the eyes  
No age shall ever dim, nor night make dark ;  
And so some gleam, some flower-thought of the  
    Spring,  
A blossom'd tree ablush against the blue,  
Seems, thrilling to the spirit, to reveal  
A vision of the Eternal Loveliness.

### LINES SUGGESTED BY A SERMON

O world, God struck out like a happy thought  
From the dim void, thy beauty is the veil  
Through which we see the face of Perfect Love,  
(Whose purity unveiled would strike us blind,)  
And to the eyes that see that Glory through,  
Thy beauty never can grow stale or fade.  
O Love, what matter if thy earthly cell  
Shall fail and slowly crumble to decay?  
For thou art of the spirit, born of God;  
Death cannot bruise thee in his soiling grasp,  
Eternal life is thine, for love is life,  
A star that shines the brighter set in Heaven.  
O Art! O Wisdom, this short life bounds not  
Our endless seeking for thy Perfectness.  
What if we have attained all flesh may reach  
And, chafing at success that binds us round,  
Sigh for more worlds to conquer? There, beyond,  
Open new worlds, and undreamt heights to climb.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A SERMON

Or what if our weak hands have failed to grasp  
The fleeting glory of some golden dream  
And give it as our off'ring to the world?  
If we are one of those who walk bowed down  
Beneath some Limitation, pressing sore?  
What matter, since the soul that dreamed the  
dream  
Has all eternity in which to grow!  
It may be that grown strong to do, at last,  
We yet may make that beck'ning splendour  
ours;—  
Though Art is long, Hope is Art's sweet-voiced  
twin.  
Now Death is merged in Life, since Life's Self  
died  
And broke in triumphant strength Death's bonds  
away.  
What are satiety and weariness

**LINES SUGGESTED BY A SERMON**

**But intimations of mortality,**

**Corruption's first faint, loathsome, mould'ring  
touch,**

**The satellites of death and of decay?**

**But Life is strength, and striving, and delight;**

**And Christ has made all new with ageless Life!**

**Look up, immortal mortal, and behold**

**No dust of ashes, but a risen Lord!**

## Cowslip Song

The Germans call the cowslip "Himmelschlüssel":  
"Keys of Heaven."

Now windflowers gem the hazel copse, and  
violets the brake;

A Thought has stirred the dreaming trees, and  
kissed the flowers awake;

The primrose opes her sleepy eye beneath the  
alder tree;

The cowslip hears the cuckoo's call and shakes  
her banners free.

The kingcup gold her court may hold,  
Upon her glossy bed;

## COWSLIP SONG

A purple mist by sun-slants kissed  
The regal blue-bell spread ;  
But oh! the little cowslip that dances on the  
lea,  
It is the key that can unlock the gates of Spring  
to me.

Ah! long ago, and long ago, when Springs  
seemed whole years long,  
And all the world a hawthorn glade, and life a  
blackbird's song,  
And May a fragrant golden dream, all blue and  
sunny air,  
We children roamed the folded fields, and  
gathered cowslips there.

In bridal white the hawthorn bright  
May marry with the blue ;  
The buttercup lift lightly up

## COWSLIP SONG

Her chalice for the dew,—

But oh! the little cowslip of my bonnie West  
Countree,

It is the key that can unlock the rainbow Past  
to me!

The Dreamer of the lonely isle, the Poet called  
of God,

Saw Heaven a gleaming city high, by thronging  
thousands trod;

But I, when fancies heavenly my dreaming eyes  
behold,

See cowslip-meadows powdered o'er with twink-  
ling points of gold.

The saints may wear in breast and hair

The passion-flower twined light;

The virgins stand, at Mary's hand,

With lily-sceptres white;—



### **COWSLIP SONG**

**But, oh! the little cowslip that trembles to the  
bee,**

**It is the key that could unlock the Gates of  
Heaven to me!**

## Song (for Music)

I HAVE a thought,  
'Tis all my own ;  
So warm and sweet—  
And mine alone !  
And all day long  
Within the deep  
Of my heart's dusks  
It lies asleep ;  
Safe hid from sight  
While to and fro  
About my daily tasks I go,  
But sometimes (though you would not know)  
I draw the curtain back—and peep !

## SONG

Glance golden hours of the summer, as lightly  
flying

As the blown foam-flakes on the tost-wave's  
crest!

Wail winds of autumn, when the summer lies  
a-dying,

And beat your sorrow on the gateless West!

Warm at my heart my Thought is lying—

And so my heart has rest.

## Song

WHITHER turns the Weary one, with labour  
tired?

Softly, softly let him steep  
All his aching limbs in sleep,  
Every jangled sense slow smoothing,  
Sweetly soothing;  
Let him sleep.

Whither turns the Weary one, when the mind is  
tired?

To some book of poems old,  
Pearls of thought in words of gold;  
All his soul in velvet measure,  
Cadenced pleasure,  
Let him fold.

## SONG

Whither turns the Weary one, when the heart  
is tired?

Far from all on Nature's breast,  
In her brooding beauty blest,  
Where her peace about him stealing  
Brings sweet healing,  
Let him rest.

Whither turns the Weary one, when the soul is  
tired?

But an empty dark is sleep,  
Barren words no magic keep,  
Cold and dead seem Nature's charms.  
To his Mother's arms  
Let him creep.

## Calendar

### JANUARY

SHE stands a pure cold nun with forehead clear  
Seen through the fretted lacework of her veil  
Of hoar-frost gleaming silver ; starry pale  
And passionless her calm face doth appear,  
As one whose dreaming thoughts are far from  
    here  
Musing upon some touching old-world tale ;  
The snow's white cloak about her, fair and frail,  
And in her virgin arms the new-born year.

### FEBRUARY

Hope's own twin-sister with the self-same look  
Of happy wonder in her longing eyes,

## CALENDAR

As if the future held some dim rich prize  
That she had read of in Earth's promise-book,  
Whose words are snowdrops in some sheltered  
    nook,  
Or soft-curled clouds in tender dappled skies,  
Warm-brown of swelling buds where copses rise,  
Or celandines like sun-flakes by the brook.

## MARCH

The Earth has spread a carpet in the glade  
Of primroses, for Spring's reluctant feet,  
When she shall deign to come, half shy, half  
    sweet,  
Drawn by her faithful swallows that have  
    strayed  
Afar with her. Her ling'ring team to aid  
The eager Wind leaps forth from his retreat,

## CALENDAR

Urging his wild wing'd horses fierce and fleet,  
To haste her cloud-built car so long delayed.

### APRIL

Life is so beautiful and Earth so fair!  
'Tis good to be alive, come what come may;  
Just to have seen one golden April day  
Were worth a century of pain and care.  
The whole world seems a happy breathing  
prayer  
Made visible. The light cloud-shadows play  
Across the folded hills that swell away  
In pink-tinged foam of apple and of pear.

### MAY

The whole warm air with rich soft music swells,  
Earth's great thanksgiving anthem full and free;



## CALENDAR

From blue-bell banks the murmur of the bee,  
The lilt of hidden brooks in leafy dells  
And cool deep woods; like music heard in shells  
The breeze sighs through the grasses on the lea;  
And hidden in some bridal hawthorn tree  
The nightingale his deathless passion tells.

## JUNE

Summer has thrown a mantle o'er the earth  
Of roses, roses, roses everywhere;  
Deep luscious garden-roses rich and rare,—  
Hanging their velvet heads with conscious worth;  
Climbing wood-roses rioting in mirth;  
And shy dog-roses,—the child-angel's care,  
Veiling the tangled hedge-rows, sweet and fair,  
Like warm white clouds kiss'd pink at morning's  
birth.

## CALENDAR

### JULY

A month of heavy fragrance and of peace,  
Deep scented peace, where 'neath the honeyed  
lime

The air grows faint, and even restless Time  
Seems for a while his changeful toil to cease,  
And the swift Hours lie sleeping at their ease  
On banks of clover and of sun-warmed thyme  
Or beds of meadowsweet, where the slow rhyme  
Of drowsy bees the silence doth increase.

### AUGUST

The weary Summer leans her languid head  
Against the sun-parched fountain; all unbound  
Her wreath of flowers lies fading on the ground,  
Her queenly lily-sceptre droopeth dead  
In the white dust, crushed by the eager tread

## CALENDAR

Of living things from burning plains around,  
In search of water where none may be found,  
Trampling across the stream's dry rutted bed.

## SEPTEMBER

Season of stately clouds and wide-spread skies,  
Cold tender skies of palest turquoise blue ;  
Of golden corn-fields stretching to the view  
Where the soft mist o'er all the valley lies,  
And spires of fragrant smoke from farmlands rise ;  
Of meadows frosted o'er with hoary dew  
And myriad gossamers the sun glints through,  
Gemming each spangled leaf with rainbow dyes.

## OCTOBER

The Autumn like an eastern queen is drest  
In all the splendour of her royal state

## CALENDAR

And rich attire, Death's coming to await ;  
And she has decked the woods in pomp unguess'd  
To hide their change, and bade the breezes rest  
Lest one leaf fall and hasten her dark fate ;  
But 'neath her flaming zone of creepers late  
She feels the chill of death within her breast.

## NOVEMBER

The last few swallows now have taken wing ;  
The sodden skies stretch desolate and grey ;  
The fallen leaves lie rotting in decay ;  
And death's dank mildew rests on everything ;  
Yet still there comes a fleeting thought of  
    Spring  
To stir earth's yearnings on St. Martin's day,  
And, shivering on dripping branch and spray,  
The long-hushed birds, half doubting, softly sing.

## CALENDAR

### DECEMBER

Ring out glad Christmas bells across the snow,  
Tell the sad world the message that was giv'n  
Once and for all that far-off starry ev'n,  
When the dear Saviour lay in manger low,  
And Mary watched God's Holy Morning grow.  
Ring out again in music caught from Heaven,  
Telling of peace on earth and sins forgiv'n  
Through Him who came to us so long ago.

## White Violets

THE Spring was always ours, dear,  
The sunshine and the blue,  
The wind across the uplands,  
And every flower that grew;  
Each year you came at Easter  
And brought the Spring with you.

White violets from my garden  
I plucked you ev'ry year,  
To send you on your birth-day,  
To bid you welcome here,  
White violets from my garden—  
You wore them for me, dear.

The Spring was always ours, dear,  
From first unto the last;  
When March winds rocked the elm-trees,

## WHITE VIOLETS

And night was ebbing fast,  
And thrushes sang the dawning,  
Your pure bright Spirit passed.

The seeking wind went roaming  
Across the empty lands;  
You lay there smiling stilly  
As one who understands:  
White violets from my garden  
I laid in your dead hands.

The Spring was always ours, dear,  
May God, who gave to me  
My darling boy, then called him  
Away by strange decree,  
Grant we may pluck white violets  
In some far Spring to be.













